

THE FIRE CHIEFS.

Chief Joyner Will Leave for the Annual Convention Soon.

IT IS TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL

Atlanta's Chief Stands High Among the Fire Fighters—Will Be Accompanied by Mrs. Joyner.

The International Association of Fire Engineers of the United States and Canada will hold their twenty-first annual convention at Montreal, Canada, beginning August 1st.

Chief Joyner, of the Atlanta fire department, will leave for that city early next week. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Joyner, and will be joined two weeks later by the chief who will take is rather a cautious one. He goes to New York by rail from there to Albany by boat, thence to Kingston, Canada, by rail, and from that place to Montreal by steamer. On his return he will come by way of the White mountains, the whole making a delightful trip.

Chief Joyner has been a member of the association for seventeen years, having joined it in 1877. He has attended every meeting of the association since 1884, in which year he became chief of Atlanta's paid fire department. He has held every office of honor in the gift of the association from president down, all of which he has filled with great credit to himself, & Atlanta's chief to the entire satisfaction of Manager Hugh Porter to Georgia's best government.

GOING TO MEXICO.—Mr. H. D. F. Atwood, ex-postmaster of Brunswick, Ga., is in the city on his way to Mexico. He has accepted an important position on the Mexican Central, and is on his way to take charge.

IN CONVENT STRIPES.—Sam Sledge, a big, black negro, dressed in the garb of a convict, was the center of a group of curious onlookers last night at the union depot. He was in charge of Deputy Sheriff on his way to the Dade county coal mines to Bill County. He was serving a sentence for shooting another. His trial has been granted him, however, and is on his way to take advantage of it. His sentence is five years and he has served about a year. He shot a negro by the name of Bob Harris.

FOR LARCENY AFTER TRUST.—All Bozeman, a negro, was bound over yesterday afternoon by Justice Orr. The charge against him was larceny after trust. He was given the option of going to jail or making a bond for \$100. He is in jail.

JOE JAMES TO SPEAK.—The campaign in Forsyth county will be opened on Tuesday, the 7th, at Cumming, by Colonel Joe James, United States district attorney. He is going for the populists with his usual vigor and will have a big crowd.

THEIR VACATIONS ENDED.—Rev. Henry D. McDonald has returned from his vacation, spent partly in Canada, in attendance upon the big convention of the Young People's Union. The doctor has returned looking greatly improved. Rev. A. Holderby, of the Moore Memorial church, who attends the conventions returns home in pride of the results of his observation.

Splendid entertainment is usually accorded the firemen by the people of the city in which they meet and every one has a most enjoyable time.

IN THE LOCAL FIELD.

JOURNEYED TO JAPAN.—Bishop Galway and Rev. W. W. Wadsworth have arrived safely in Japan. They are now at Yokohama.

MR. EADS OFF.—Mr. John Eads left yesterday for a trip north. He will be away about two weeks during which time he will take in most of the famous resorts, spending most of his time in Niagara. As a detective, Mr. Eads has recently distinguished himself in locating the "famous female forger." He will return in time to take up proceedings against Mrs. Hickson.

VAN HAAFSTEN HAS GONE.—A. M. Van Haafsten, whose determined effort at suicide several weeks ago placed him in the Grady hospital, returned to his old home from that institution. The razor wounds on his neck are entirely healed up, and physically, he is again strong. Since the attempt at suicide, however, Van Haafsten has been in a dazed condition mentally and suffering from delusions of different kinds. He left yesterday with his wife for Memphis, Tenn.

EMMET MASON STILL SKILLFUL.—Emmet Mason, the negro who was shot in East Point by Marshal Ryan, is still confined to his couch in the jail. He is suffering from the wound in his arm, but is doing a surprising recovery. It is thought that Mason is a fit subject for the Grady hospital.

WEAK SMALL COLLISION.—In the park of the Atlanta cemetery yesterday noon there was a small head-on collision, which resulted in the disabling of two engines. Passenger train No. 11 had been backed out to the yards by a switch crew and was waiting for a blockade to be removed in order to side track. No flag was displayed, and the suburban train, in charge of Engineer Robert P. Barron, and Conductor Maher, had no notice of the train being left on the main track. As the suburban train rounded the curve, the train went in sight, but something was the matter with the brakes, and the two engines met. The suburban train was making about ten miles an hour. Beyond a general shaking up of the passengers and disabling of the two engines, no damage was done.

BEAVERS IS BACK.—Call Officer Beavers, the police force, is at his post again after his five days' furlough. The officer spent most of his absence fishing in middle Georgia.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.—Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock little Leonard Peoples, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Peoples, passed away at 75 Capitol avenue. Little Leonard was only a few years old, but he was so bright and happy in life, so loving and sweet in his nature that his death will be a great loss, not only to the Peoples' parents, but to all their friends. He will be laid to rest this morning at Westview cemetery. The funeral will take place from the residence.

HE RESISTED.—Last night Officer Brannon went into a small negro house on Fraser street, just off Peachtree street, and found a negro boy, a white man, for larceny from the house. Barrow was bound over by the justice and gave bond for \$50 for his appearance in a higher court. His attorney was Colonel J. A. Wimpy.

PECULIAR STATE OF AFFAIRS.

According to Harrison King's Petition, a Man Can't Live at Home.

A very peculiar state of affairs was developed in a petition filed in the clerk's court by Harrison King against L. C. Craig and L. E. Austin for injunction.

It would appear from the petition that Harrison King resides on the west side of Court street, near the corner of Hunnleut and Orme. He lives with his wife and family in a house erected on this lot and which property he claims is his by right of title and bona fide deed.

King alleges that L. E. Austin, attorney for Craig, has ordered a force of men to wait, keeping down the house occupied by him, and which is his own house. He claims that the defendants were told of this fact and that they were also told that Mrs. King, wife of petitioner, was and is now sick in bed exceedingly ill. Despite this the defendants tore down a portion of the house and intended to tear down more upon yesterday, when the injunction was granted.

The petition was taken before Judge J. J. Hunt of Griffin, who granted a temporary injunction and set the case for a hearing on September 8th.

Gospel Tent Meeting.

The big gospel tent that was until recently located on North Avenue, has been moved to a new place, corner of Cain and Williams streets, close in, and services will open there on Sunday afternoon, August 5th, at 3 o'clock. The meeting will be conducted by Rev. J. S. Tillman, Charles Tillman, Mr. S. E. Hill, and others.

Other matters of interest will be brought up also. Every minister in the city is cordially invited to be present.

GIRLS EARNING A LIVING.

This Summer Weather Tests the Resources of Working Girls—Must Keep Neat and Well at Small Expense—Paine's Celery Compound.

One, two, three, four crisp dollar bills will pay for a week's tiresome work bearing costs of living and pocket money. Imagine it your own daughter!

It shocks one to think that lace and linens come so dear and human life so cheap.

Trying to earn a living at this rate soon becomes the working girl's primary concern to keep her dress clean, pleasant-faced and well. Few days can be spared for sickness and strength must not flag in the crisp weather.

The best friend of the working girl has ever had is Paine's celery compound. It gives full strength and courage. It is a tonic, a stimulant, a tissue that unusual waste has reduced the body weight and stimulates the body, and frequently the tissues in the heated season. It gives new appetite and keeps every part of the body in a state of perfect nourishment. The nervous, exhausted tired, "run-down" feeling, worry and hard work disappears.

In headaches, the head is not alone the offending part. The brain is the center of the great nervous system, and there is a connection of the body to it. Hence a derangement of the stomach, liver or kidneys produces headache, though the head is in healthy condition.

Nervous headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, heart trouble are due to bad inbreathings, emanating from lack of richness. Worry and long hours of uninterrupted work, especially in the summer, are the cause of many diseases, as surely as walking exhausts the muscles. To quickly furnish a fresh and abundant supply of nutriment to every tissue, that is the purpose for which Paine's celery compound was first prepared. This rapid production of fresh nervous energy gives the body power to which Paine's compound is the greatest nerve regulator and blood purifier of this present century.

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.—The Kimball band paid a compliment to Hon. W. Y. Atkinson which is a new thing in the treatment of gubernatorial aspirants by hotels.

At the hotel where the Kimball band is playing, Mr. Fred Herrmann and Mr. Frank Boland will contribute musical selections. On Sunday afternoon at the same place Mr. A. F. Cooleidge will address the young.

BAD NEWS FOR MISS DRESSLER.—Miss Marie Dressler received a telegram from New York yesterday that did not contain good news. It was from her husband and told of an encounter that he had with Mr. Canary, the amusement man of the well-known theatrical firm of Canary & Lederer, who is running the show. It seems that Mr. Hopper went to Canary for a settlement and a fight ensued in which Mr. Hopper received some serious wounds on the head.

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The present officers of the association are:

Chief James Foley, of Milwaukee, Wis., secretary, and D. C. Larkin, Dayton, O., treasurer.

This year's convention promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the association.

As it is the first ever held in Canada more chiefs will probably attend the convention, and thus avail themselves of the opportunity to see that country, than have ever attended any former meeting of the association.

The convention will be in session four

days, and the hotel management is making great preparations for the entertainment of the visiting chiefs.

The people of Augusta, Ga., want the convention to meet in city next year, and Chief Joyner has promised Chief Frank Reiter to have that city selected as the next meeting place of the chiefs.

The conventions result in incalculable good to the chiefs who attend them. Papers on different modes of fighting are and the best means of protection against fire are read by the leading members of the association, and thus the assembled chiefs get the latest and most up-to-date information.

Manufacturers and inventors display at these conventions the result of their labors, and the most improved fire fighting machinery, as well as the best life saving apparatus are exhibited by the makers.

Besides these the latest improvements in fire escapes are shown.

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ATLANTA, GA., August 4, 1894.

Georgia Democrats and the Silver Question.

The deliverance made by the democratic party of Georgia, through its accredited representatives, will meet the approval of every voter in the state who believes in democratic principles. There was never any doubt in regard to the tenor and scope of the platform to be put forth except as to the financial plank, and the convention met that issue and disposed of it in a way that ought to prove satisfactory to the most ardent friend of free coinage. If there was any compromise sought or suggested in the committee on resolutions it was a compromise of terms that meant nothing, for the principle of American bimetallism pure and simple is as emphatically and as clearly set forth as any democrat could desire.

The silver declaration summarily disposes of the fraud and humbuggery involved in the arguments in favor of an impossible international agreement.

The democratic party of Georgia declares for the immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver, for the immediate restoration of the white metal to its constitutional position as a money metal.

"We demand," says the party, "the immediate passage of such legislation as will restore silver to its constitutional position as a money metal, and will secure at once the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver on a parity and give to every dollar in circulation, whether coin or paper, the same debt-paying and purchasing power."

All in all, this is a pretty tough prescription for those new converts to the single gold standard who have been cutting something of a figure in Georgia politics, and also for those who have been hiding goldbuggery behind the somewhat transparent veil of international agreement. We presume it is a prescription that will be hard to swallow, but it should be borne in mind that the medicine that possesses the greatest inherent virtue is frequently the bitterest; and, in this case, a heroic dose is absolutely necessary. On the party at large it will have the effect of a tonic—a nerve restorer.

There has been considerable clamor on the part of some democrats to the effect that parity between gold and silver cannot be maintained if this country enters upon the free coinage of silver without the consent and active aid of the European monarchies. As the result of this clamor, a good deal of confusion has arisen in regard to the real meaning of the term "parity" and its application to our various forms of currency. But the democratic party of the state has swept this clamor aside, and has left no room for confusion. When "every dollar in circulation, whether coin or paper, is given" by law "the same debt-paying and purchasing power," then each dollar will be on a parity with every other dollar. The platform declaration simplifies the whole question and demands that the burden of hard times, contracted values, depreciated farm products, vanishing profits in business, low wages and the whole crushing and cruel result of the demonization of more than half of the debt-paying money of the country be forthwith abolished and swept away by such legislation as "will secure at once the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver on a parity."

Every silver dollar that now bears the stamp of the government is at a parity with gold, not because it is redeemable in gold, for it is not so redeemable by law, but because it possesses the necessary quality of debt-paying money and because the people would as soon have it as gold. Parity between the coined dollars of the two metals is maintained now at a ratio of 16 to 1, and it would be so maintained if the hints were opened to the free and unlimited coinage of silver tomorrow.

As those who have been trying to impress anti-free coinage views upon the party have failed in their purpose, they should now fall into line with the free coinage democrats and work heartily for the unity and harmony of the party and for the triumph of those principles of government that insure happiness and prosperity to the people of the country. Likewise, those democrats who have grown lukewarm toward the party organization, for fear that un-

democratic views on the silver question would prevail in the councils of the party, should renew their old-time enthusiasm and work in season and out of season to strengthen the organization to the end that thirty years' of republican legislation be swept from the statute books, and the people at last restored to their own.

How to Fighten Capital.

Capital is conservative, cautious and timid. It will go nowhere unless assured of the protection that results from law and order and good government.

It has required generations to convince capital that it will be safe in the south, but now that there is no longer any danger of force bills and race wars it is beginning to move in this direction. It is coming and it will continue to come unless we drive it away and bar it out. The suggestion of such a policy will strike everybody as absurd, but it is an easy matter to give capital a fight that will make it avoid the south for half a century. All that we have to do is to allow the populists to gain control of two or three southern states.

When they captured Kansas, eastern capital left the state, and when they carried the city of Seattle capital fled. It would be the same in the case of any city or state in the south that went over to the populists. Progress will not mix with populism any more than oil will mix with water. The populists propose too many wild experiments. No sensible man cares to invest money or start an enterprise in a community controlled by men whose legislation might bankrupt him.

Of course we do not dream of a popular victory in any southern state, but it is well to keep a vigilant watch over our material interests. We must put none but democrats on guard. We must rally around our standard bearers and bring out the full strength of the party at the polls. It is time for independence or a stay-at-home policy. Every democratic vote will be needed in this campaign. It is not enough to defeat the populists, we must teach them the folly of any effort on their part to oppose the organized and invincible democracy of the south. The friends of progress and prosperity must give the death blow to populism.

For Speaker Pro Tem.

The friends of Hon. Clarence Wilson, of Clayton county, have announced him as a candidate for speaker pro tem. of the next house of representatives.

Mr. Wilson has done distinguished service in the general assembly as senator from the eleventh district, and was recently tendered the unanimous nomination of the democracy of his county as the next representative from Clay. He will be overwhelmingly elected in the October election and will be one of the foremost members of the next house.

A man of ripe legislative experience, wide popularity and well-known ability, he will receive the hearty support of friends throughout the state, who will be glad to see southwest Georgia thus represented in the organization of the house.

It gives The Constitution great pleasure to note the fact that he has consented to make the race for speaker pro tem. and to express the hope that he will be successful. A better selection could not be made.

Our Neglected Sister Republics.

In the current number of The North American Review the Argentine minister calls attention to the general lack of information in this country in regard to everything pertaining to the South American republics.

Distinguished visitors from Spanish-American are surprised to find that the prominent men they meet know next to nothing about the South American countries, their geography and their political institutions. In the Argentine republic it is different. The children in the public schools have clear and full information regarding the United States and each separate state. How many public schools in this country make it a point to teach their pupils the leading facts concerning the geography, history and politics of our sister republics?

This Argentine minister showed in Washington eighty photographs of the public school buildings in his country, and the general comment was that they looked like palaces. He declares that public education in several South American republics, has reached a very advanced stage, and he claims that in culture, enterprise and public order the countries south of us will compare favorably with other lands.

It must be admitted that there is too much truth in the charge that we are profoundly ignorant of many South American matters that should be better understood here, especially at a time when we are looking for the extension of our trade in those countries. We feel confident that our Cotton States and International exhibition will stir up a widespread interest in everything that concerns our southern neighbors, but we should not wait until they come here to attend our big show. Our young men especially should give some of their time now to the study of Spanish-American subjects and if they will take the trouble to acquire the Spanish language it may open to them profitable business opportunities beyond anything at sight home. We have waited a long time to make the acquaintance of our neighbors, but it is better now than never.

Cholera Spreading in Europe.

With cholera epidemic in Marseilles and sporadic cases in several French and Italian cities, to say nothing of its progress in Belgium and Russia, it is evident that we should take every possible precaution at our ports to prevent the plague from reaching this country.

Our dispatches yesterday gave a graphic description of the ravages of the disease in a Russian town. It seems that the epidemic is of a very malignant type. People in good health start out to attend the funerals of their relatives, and are stricken on their way home and die where they fall in the streets. The rich have fled from the infected regions, and the poor are left

to their fate with hardly any means of communicating with the outside world.

These signs are not to be ignored. We have had warnings enough, and it is more necessary now than it was last year to adopt every possible safeguard and preventive, not only in our seaboard cities, but in the European ports where our agents can do much to prevent the departure of infected vessels for our shores.

Speaker Crisp's Letter.

Speaker Crisp's letter to the state democratic convention is a noteworthy document. It is an eloquent appeal to those elements in the democratic organization that are impatient of the delay that has been made in redeeming the party pledges, or that disgusted at the failure of the party in congress to remove all the obstacles that the money power has been able to place in the way of democratic reforms.

Protests against this delay, no matter how vehement, are always in order, but it is one thing to protest and another and quite a different thing to engage in a movement which has for its purpose the crippling of the democratic organization. When democratic criticism takes the shape of disaffection, it is a pretty sure sign that the disaffected are more interested in nursing their own impatience than they are in the success of democratic principles.

Speaker Crisp's letter is a sharp reminder to those voters who are thinking about deserting the democratic party because of the failure of the party in congress to carry out all the pledges of the platform, that thirty years of republican misrule cannot be cured in a few months, and that although the republicans are out of power, the trusts and monopolies which they created are still in active possession of the ill-gotten gains which republican legislation has piled up for their benefit.

As Speaker Crisp says, if any democratic representative has failed to vote in accordance with the platform pledges, the remedy is not to abandon the party, which is not responsible, but to abandon the unfaithful representative. "No man," says the speaker, "is greater than his party, and no party can hope for success that does not choose representatives in full sympathy and accord with its purposes and its principles."

India began to write books at six years of age. His first dated writing was done a month before he reached the age of seven. His first appearance in print was in The Magazine of Architecture in 1834, when he was fifteen. Macaulay wrote a compendium of "Universal History" and three cantos of a poem in imitation of Scott when he was seven years old. Mrs. Browning read Homer in the original when she was ten years old.

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Sarah Bernhardt continues to display some of the eccentricities of genius. She attended an afternoon tea in London, the other day, clad in an enormous sealskin ulster, which covered even her feet. The day was very warm, and ices were in order. But Sarah seemed very comfortable in her luxurious garment, and everybody else forgot the heat in an awful survey of her.

The other day the republican convention in the fourth congressional district for the forthcoming platform pledged:

Resolved, That we favor legislation prohibiting the making of contracts, either public or private, conditioned upon payment in gold.

It is evident that the republicans in every quarter of the union regard silver as the winning issue, and they are losing no time in getting on the right side.

If there is any danger to us in this scheme it will be caused by the failure of the democratic to stick to the silver plank of their platform. All that we have to do is to convince the country that we propose to redeem our pledge and to head us off on the silver question by adopting that policy as their own.

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The government stands behind its pecuniary obligations, but in no sense does it stand behind its money. The value of money is at all times subject to the vicissitudes of the market, which are entirely outside of governmental control. It is true the law cannot directly control the value of silver, but it has a conspicuous part on the world's standard, and now, its light almost snuffed out, he lies in a poor room in a sidestreet and dines at a cheap hotel.

He is lost in New York with thousands of others.

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He is lost in New York with thousands of others.

The government stands behind

EVERYBODY GETS ON.

The Platform Suits All the Democrats
and They Are Happy.

NO ONE BUT THE ENEMY IS KICKING

Chairman Clay's Headquarters Will Be
in the Old Capitol Building—Mr. Jas-
sau's Resolution Provokes Gossip.

the county's convicts

at the various buildings,

the entire force of

nearly 200, will be at

the conference be-

cause of the Cotton

Exposition and

which was held

and at which the ut-

the best of good will

men present at the

D. Spalding, J. G.

W. English, Hon.

T. B. Neal, H.

Marshall, Alex Smith,

L. Wilson, J. R. W.

Arthur, A. Stewart

J. D. Collins, C.

Thompson and T.

al discussion of the

action to be taken by

the commissioners, and several

by prominent gentle-

men who advocated

the cause of the county con-

gressional committee

would be unfinished

and now being worked

on by the convicts had to be

they "could not work

together. This neces-

sitated in several places

or of necessity to am-

to a certain extent,

removed.

made a speech and

with the necessity

towards making

and a genuine

edge spoke in favor

of grading purposes.

Mr. R. D. Spalding

also made short talks

and the county

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but a dissenting voice

any adverse sentiment

as follows:

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international exposi-

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upon which such ex-

makes it necessary,

the national govern-

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buildings can com-

be furnished in our commu-

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It is upon this

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Sunday school will

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COTTON BETTER.

Three Hundred Bales New Are Expected at New Orleans Today.

HOUSTON'S RECEIPTS ALL NEW COTTON

Professionals Bought Corn at the Top and Sold at the Bottom—Wheat Closer'd 5 Cents Lower.

NEW YORK. August 3.—The selling movement in American Sugar, which was such a conspicuous feature of yesterday's closing at the stock exchange was not continued at the opening of business today. In fact, it was decided time for the market to rest in this specialty, and the stock opened at \$38.10, against 102½ last night, 1,500 shares being taken at the advance. After rising to 104½ there was a recession to 103½ and in the closing hours of business the stock suddenly jumped to 105½. The better tone of the market was due to the fact that the general list was due to Washington rumors that a settlement of the tariff question was close at hand. Sugar, it was alleged, will be taken care of by the lines of the schedule agreed upon by the senate. The market, however, was still talk about the tariff agreement there was a decided falling off in the export movement of gold. Early in the week there was considerable talk about heavy shipments by Saturday's steamers, and the market had more or less effect on the local engagements for tomorrow's steamers will fall below \$1,000,000, making the total for the week \$3,000,000, whereas according to common report, Saturday's vessels should have carried out at least \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000. The market was also affected due to the inability of bankers to sell bills, as well as to the easier conditions of money abroad. The margin of profit is so small that the reduction in discounts abroad almost wipes out exporters' profits. The rise in the railway list was equal to 104½ per cent. Chicago Gas, St. Paul, 104½; Burlington, 104½; Quincy, 104½; Louisville and Portland, Missouri Pacific and Western Union being the most conspicuous in the rise. The market closed firm and 106½ per cent higher on the day, American Sugar leading. New York Central lost 1% and Pullman Price dropped. In the inactive issues Consolidated Gas rose 2 to 115½. The bond market was strong.

Sales, listed stocks, 61,000; unlisted, 57,000. Treasury balances: Coin, \$72,955,000; currency, \$65,021,000.

Money can easily at 1 per cent, last loan and savings offered at 1; prime mercantile 5½%; 4½% per cent.

Bar silver, 32¢.

Sterling exchange firm, with active business in banks' bills at 48½% for 60 days, and 48½% for demand; posted rates, 48½% to 49%; commercial bills, 48½% to 47.

State bonds dull.

Railroad bonds strong.

Silver at the board was neglected.

The chewing tobacco was quoted.

Cotton Oil... 38½ Missouri Par... 35

Mobility & Ohio... 18

Sugar—Redmey... 104½ Nash. Coal & St. L... 104

do. pre... 104½ U. S. Standard... 104

do. pro... 103 N. J. Central... 107½

B. & O. & T. & P. Co... 104½ N. Y. & N. E. 104

Canada Pac... 104½ Nort. & W. 104

Ches. & Del. Alton... 104½ N. W. 104

C. & R. 104½ N. W. 104

Del. & Atch. W... 103 Pacific Mail... 104

do. & Cal. Feed... 104½ Readings... 104

do. pre... 103 Rock Island... 104

Erie... 104½ R. I. & P. 104

Ed. Gen. Electric... 104½ Silver Certificates... 64

St. Louis & San. 104½ S. & W. 104

Lake Erie & West... 104½ Tex. P. 104

do. pre... 104½ Tex. P. 104

U. S. Steel... 104½ Tex. P. 104

Iowa & Nash... 104½ Wash. St. L. & P. 104

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TECTION
IS
A SUBJECT
CERNING WHICH
HONEST MEN
HOLD
DIFFERENT OPINIONS.
THE TERM IS APPLIED
THAT THEY CHOOSE
TO CALL

INDUSTRY.

BUT:

EN IT COMES TO A

OF THE PROTECTION

OF THE HOME

EVERY HONEST

INTELLIGENT MAN

CONSIDERS IT

HIS

BOUNDED

DEUTY

TO
SEE THAT

IS CHILDREN

ARE NOT

UP ON THE STREETS

OR WANT OF

ONE PLACE AT HOME.

FOREIGN

COMMERCE

MAY HAVE

INTEREST FOR HIM,

LET HE KNOWS

AT THE PROPER

SPECTUAL COMMERCE

IN HIS FAMILY

MAKE HOME

ATTRACTIVE.

ABSOLUTE

Gymnasium

At Home.

If you do not get

enough exercise in

your business you

can furnish you

with clubs, chest

weights, health

pails and anything

in the Gymnasium

line. They take up

but little space and

are of great

benefit. Write or

send us for cata-

logue of Gymna-

sium Goods. Spe-

cials to clubs and

associations. The

Clarke Hardware Co.

Tennis is the New

Fad, and in order to

be in it you

should have a Ten-

nis Racquet, one of

our late makes.—

Poles, covers, balls

and everything nec-

essary to equip a

tennis court. Send

for new catalogue

of this line of goods.

The Clarke Hard-

ware Co., corner

Edgewood Ave., and

Peachtree street.

THE SOUTHERN

LEAGUE has trans-

ferred baseball is

still on the go. We

have a complete line

of balls from 5 cents

to \$1.50. Bats from

50c to \$7.50. Mitts

from 25c to \$1.50.

Masks from 25c to

\$1, and in fact any

thing you need at

close prices. Write

us for catalogue.

The Clarke Hard-

ware Co., Peach-

tree st., and Edge-

wood avenue.

It is impossible to travel far with the

man who rides a hobby. But if you and

your companion take Hood's Saraparilla

you will have health and strength for long

journies.

Billie Taylor Well Sung,

And a Large House Listens to the

Excellent Production.

Dr. Hathaway & Co.

225 Broad st., Atlanta, Ga. Office hours 9 to

6, to 7, to 8. Sundays, 10 to 1.

Male and female physicians for symptoms

No. 1 for men, No. 2 for

women, No. 3 for skin diseases, No. 4 for

all diseases of women.

Call on or address

Dr. Hathaway & Co.

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How the Watch Stopped.

A lady about to boil an egg for her husband's breakfast asked the loan of his watch to time the boiling.

"Your watch has stopped," she cried; "the egg is on, and I can't tell how long it ought to remain in the kettle."

The husband hastened to the stove and was horror struck to find that the good woman had dropped his elegant gold watch into the kettle, holding the egg to her ear.

Of course the watch had to be put into the jeweler's hands to have the water taken out and be put in order. J. P. Steves & Bro., 47 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga., were fully equal to the emergency and the watch made as good as new. By the way, this firm employs only skilled workmen, and your watch will always be safe in their hands. They pay express charges on work sent them for examination.



**The best
Dollar a quart
Whisky**

**BUTHENTHAL
& BICKART**
**B. & B. Marietta and
Forsyth Sts.**
**Hello! No. 378.
Other Fine Whiskies.**

FRANK M. POTTS,
HENRY POTTS,
JOSEPH THOMPSON.

**Potts-Thompson
Liquor Co.**

Will sell California Sherry,
Clarets, Sauternes
and Rhine Wines very
cheap till first of Sep-
tember.

Give us a trial.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House,
Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.
Telephone 48.

OPIUM
and Whiskey Flasks
carried at home with
out pain. Book of partic-
ulars sent FREE.
E. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.
Atlanta, Ga. Office 144, Whitehall St.

DR. W. W. BOWES, SPECIALIST.
Hydrocele,
Varicose,
Structure,
Nervous Debility
Kidney and Liver,
Bladder Disease,
Impotence,
Spermatorrhœa,
Enlarged Prostate
Glands,
Skin Diseases,
Sleet, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Pim-
ples, Dyspepsia,
Facial Blemishes, Moles, Hemor-
rhoids or Piles, Rectal Ulcers,
Fistula.

Consultation at office or by mail free.
Book and questions for 4 cents in stamps.

E. W. W. BOWES, 15½ Marietta St.
(Over Snook & Co.'s Furniture store.)



A. K. HAWKES,
Manufacturing Optician

The only optical plant run by electric
motor power in the state. All the latest in
inventions for testing Eyesight: established
twenty-three years. Headquarters for the
United States, 15 Whitehall street.

August 2-7.

DOUGLASS & DOWLING.

SAVE MONEY

Watches, Diamonds, Spectacles and Jew-
elry by buying from

S. MAIER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,
to Peachtree Street.

Watches and Jewelry repaired. Spectacles
silvered.

MONEY TO BE RAISED.

**Every Church Is Called Upon to Help
the Grady Hospital**

ONE SABBATH IN EACH YEAR

**Several Committees Appointed—An Effort
to Raise the Membership to One Thousand—The Association Is Growing.**

A collection for the benefit of the Grady Hospital will be taken up, at least once each year, by all the denominations in the city.

This was decided at the meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary, which was held in the lecture room of the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday. The principal object for which the collection is asked from the different churches is such that no hesitation can properly restrain these churches from coming to the rescue of the ladies in such an enterprise of charity.

Charity and good work, especially in making provisions for the sick, is the common ground upon which all the denominations can stand and work together for the honor of God as well as for the uplifting of humanity.

No action has been taken in the matter by any of the churches of the city, but they do not know what to do, but to be willing to aid in whatever efforts to bring about a deeper and stronger religious feeling; and charity lies at the root of all religion.

The meeting was called to order yesterday morning by the president of the organization, Mrs. S. A. Beach. The duties of secretary were performed by Miss Alberta Thornton, who was recently elected to that position.

A large attendance was present, the lecture room of the association being entirely filled. It is quite evident to all who have attended the meetings that popular interest in the association is growing.

At the meeting yesterday it was decided to divide the city into districts and to take each lady present responsible for a certain division of territory. In this way it is hoped that every lady who is interested in charity work will be reached and that the membership of the association by this plan will be increased to at least a thousand.

The following committee was appointed to look after the Sunday collection for the benefit of the hospital:

Miss Mary T. Newman, chairman, First Presbyterian church; Mrs. C. D. Adair, Second Baptist; Mrs. C. K. Nelson, Episcopal; Mrs. Fanny Anderson, Central Presbyterian; Mrs. J. F. Alexander, First Methodist; Mrs. L. B. Nelson, Congregational; Mrs. H. H. Cabaniss, First Baptist; Mrs. E. P. Chamberlin, Trinity Methodist; Mrs. J. L. Peet, Mrs. Albert Howell, Mrs. J. M. Governor, R. B. Bullock and Mrs. W. Rhode Hill.

A similar committee was appointed to look after a Saturday collection. A special day to be named at which time a number of money boxes are to be located in the various parts of the city. The members of this committee are:

Mr. W. H. Grant, Mrs. J. W. Rucker, Mrs. W. G. Raoul, Mrs. E. A. Werner, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. E. Van Winkle and Mrs. Joel Hurt.

A thanksgiving day committee was also appointed to look after the raising of funds and to provide for a special observance of that day. On this committee Mrs. Junan appears, Mrs. A. C. Steele, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Judge Bigby, Mrs. George Hillyer, Mrs. F. P. Rice, Mrs. O. P. Simpson and Mrs. G. A. Howell.

On raising funds for Christians, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. Joseph Kingsbury, Mrs. Albert Cox, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, Mrs. W. W. Marsh, Mrs. W. R. Hammond and Mrs. W. B. Lowe.

The financial committee is composed of Mrs. John Keely, chairman; Mrs. H. J. Lowry, Mrs. J. Hirsch and Mrs. N. P. Black.

The ladies will hold their next meeting on the 21st instant in September. They intend to carry out their plan and to extend the workings of the Grady hospital until it takes its place among the leading institutions of its kind in the country.

FROM ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

The Funeral of Mr. Quintard Peters Will Occur This Morning.

The funeral of Mr. Quintard Peters will occur from St. Philip's church this morning at 10 o'clock.

Rev. Alton W. Knight, assisted by Bishop Quintard, will conduct the ceremony after the impressive manner of the Episcopal church, and the following gentlemen will act as pallbearers: Messrs. Julian Rawson, Joseph T. Orme, W. M. Dickson, Peter Grimes, F. G. Black, William H. Irman, Thomas C. Erwin and Charles W. Crankshaw.

At a meeting of the Sons of the Revolution, which was held at noon, 10 Kimball house, yesterday morning, resolutions of respect were passed in honor of Mr. Peters, and his resolution was also adopted calling upon the members of the association to attend the funeral in a body.

The interment will occur in Oakland cemetery.

Rosie and Beyond.

The Union Pacific railway have a very complete illustrated publication of 175 pages, giving full page cuts descriptive of leading points of interest along the route of the Rocky mountains, furnished free on application mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in stamp by James F. Agler, agent, 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga.

Saturday night hop at Sweetwater Park hotel. fri. sat.

TO LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Low Round Trip Rates via Georgia Pacific.

On August 15th the Georgia Pacific railway will sell round trip tickets to Little Rock, Ark., at low rates. From Atlanta, \$1.25. Tickets good to return until Sept. 27, 1894. The Georgia Pacific is the only through Pullman car line from Atlanta to Memphis and the direct route to Little Rock. A. VERNORY, Passenger Agent. W. H. TAYLOR, Dist. Pass. Agt. No. 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. Aug 2-1w.

Saturday night hop at Sweetwater Park hotel. fri. sat.

THE CLIFF HOUSE

Tallulah Falls, Ga.

The grandest scenery, the finest climate,

the best accommodation. Rates for August \$8 to \$10 per week. The Sanford sisters' orchestra furnish the music. For particulars address J. C. S. Timberlake, Tallulah Falls, Ga. aug 2-2w.

Saturday night hop at Sweetwater Park hotel. fri. sat.

ADAMS HOUSE, NEW YORK

NEW FIRE-PROOF HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN.

60 cents per day and upward.

10th Ave., Near 14th St.

JOHN GLASS, JR., Manager. Ass't Manager.

JULY 3-m. eod.

Water Cure Sanitarium.

For persons convalescing in Atlanta, Ga., to receive and send all invalids. Send postage stamp for circular.

Macd. 12. 1894.

DR. J. P. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor.

ST. MARY'S.

Watches, Diamonds, Spectacles and Jew-
elry by buying from

S. MAIER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,

to Peachtree Street.

Watches and Jewelry repaired. Spectacles
silvered.

Delegates**Democratic Convention.**

Conservatism in advertising statement, the avoidance of all that is sensational, is a powerful element in holding popular faith in our daily store news. Confidence grows slowly. When secured it is priceless. We propose to maintain the position that has been won by a long and laborious career as a treasure to be guarded carefully. Hence, the constant watch on our Clothing, our Prices, our Advertising.

Eads-Neelco

EDUCATIONAL.

The Misses Cheyney,
331 Courtland Street.
School opens September 3, 1894. Applications received at the school after July 1st.

Salem Female Academy.

The ninety-third annual session begins September 1, 1894. Register now. Last year of great development of Health, Character and Intellect. Buildings thoroughly remodeled. Fully equipped preparatory, college and post-graduate departments. Has been first-class schools in music, art, languages, commercial and industrial studies.

J. H. CLEWELL, Principal, Salem, N. C.

JULY 31 st.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

EVERYTHING OPTICAL.

Leaders in grinding opticians' prescriptions lenses. Kelam & Moore, scientific opticians, 54 Marietta street, opposite post-office.

At a good restaurant

you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF,

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa

tells you how. 100 of her receipts sent postpaid by Dauchy Park Place, New York.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Aragon,
ATLANTA, GA.

American and European Plans.

701 North Broad, Atlanta.

Fall term September 3d, to December 22d. Hours 8:30 to 1:30.

Special classes afternoon and evening.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY. Col-
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SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

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Rockwood, Shadyside, Pennsylvania, At-
tended by residents. 11 Teachers. Time short. Instruction
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expenses paid. Mrs. Sullivan, Calcutta Bus. Coll.
Kinder Blue, Atlanta, Ga.

JULY 25-39 e o d.

LAW SCHOOL

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

Opens Sept. 1. Address JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER, Dean.

JULY 15-31 e o d.

Wesleyan Female College,

MACON, GA.

Prepares for Government Academies, Uni-
versities and Business. Catalogues ad-
dress Major R. A. McIntrye, Bethel Acad-
emy, July 24-30 tu-thr-sat.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY,

FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA, prepares young
men and boys for college and business.

Moderate charges. Healthfully situ-
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Former Principal Seminary for Young La-
dies, Virginia.

JULY 24-28 tu-thr-sat.

Norfolk College For Young Ladies.

Largest and best equipped college in

eastern Virginia. SEVENTEEN TEACHERS.

Healthful air, sea breeze. Near Old Point Com-
fort; beautiful home, \$90,000 buildings; steam
gas, etc.

Modern Education. Stenography. High-
est course of study in the state. Expenses very
low. Send for catalogue. Pupil wishing
to pay own expenses write. A. I. Caselli, Jr., S. W. principal, Norfolk, Va.
July 14-24 sat. 8 w. e. o. d.

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

Copyrighted, 1894, by the Author.

PART VIII.

Brother Terrapin's Fiddle String.

Mr. Rabbit moved his body uneasily about and scratched his head and crossed and uncrossed his legs several times before he began:

"I declare it isn't right!" he exclaimed after awhile. "I don't mind telling about other folks, but when it comes to talking about myself, it is a different thing."

"Don't you remember the time you tried to get Brother Terrapin to give you a fiddle string?" asked Mrs. Meadows, laughing a little.

"Oh, that was just a joke," replied Mr. Rabbit.

"Call it a joke then," said Mrs. Meadows. "You know what the little boy said when the man asked him his name. He said, says he, 'You may call it anything, so you call me to dinner.'"

"He wasn't very polite," remarked Sweetest Susan.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Meadows answered; "but you know that little boys can't always remember to be polite."

"I think we were at your house," suggested Mr. Rabbit, rubbing his chin.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Meadows. "In the little house by the creek. The yard sloped from the front door right to the bank."

"To be sure," exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, brightening up. "I remember the house just as well as if I had seen it yesterday. There was a little shelf in the left hand side of the door as you came out, and there the water bucket set."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meadows, "and there was just room enough up there by the bucket for Brother Terrapin."

"That's so," Mr. Rabbit replied, laughing, "and when he used to go to your house to see the girls they'd set the bucket on the table in the house and lift Brother Terrapin to the shelf so he could see and be seen. I remember it used to make him very mad when I'd tell him he would be a mighty man if he wasn't so flat-footed."

"Oh, you used to talk worse than that," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing heartily at the remembrance of it. "You used to tell him he was the only man you ever saw that sat down when he stood up. I declare! Brother Terrapin's eyes used to get right red."

"W—," said Mr. Rabbit, after a pause, "I rem—, if I went to your house one day and carried my fiddle. When I got there who should I see but old Brother Terrapin up on the shelf. I expected to find girls by themselves, but there was—"

Brother Terrapin? says I. If

had a ladder handy you could come

down stairs and shake hands, couldn't you?"

"He began to get sulky and sulky at once. He wouldn't hardly make any reply. But I didn't care for that: Says I:

"Cross your legs and look comfortable, Brother Terrapin; don't be glum in company. I've got my fiddle with me and I'm going to make your bones ache if you don't dance!"

"Then I whirled in," said Mr. Rabbit, "and played the liveliest tunes I could think of—'Billy in the Low Grounds,' 'Possum Up the Gum Stump,' 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' and all those hoppy-skippy, jiggery-dancery tunes that make your feet go whether or no. But there Brother Terrapin sat, looking as unconcerned as if the fiddle had been ten miles away. He didn't even keep time to the music with his foot. More than that, he didn't even wag his head from side to side."

"I always knew Brother Terrapin had no ear for music," remarked Mrs. Meadows. "If that was a fault, he certainly had more than his share of it."

"I ought not to talk about people behind their backs," Mr. Rabbit continued, trying to shake a fly out of his ear, "but I must say that Brother Terrapin was very dull about some things. Well, I played and played, and the girls danced and seemed to enjoy it. I believe you danced a round or two yourself?" Mr. Rabbit turned to Mrs. Meadows inquiringly.

"I expect I shook my foot a little," said Mrs. Meadows with a sigh. "I was none too good."

"They danced and danced, until they were tired of dancing," Mr. Rabbit resumed, "but there sat Brother Terrapin as quiet as if he were asleep. Well, I was vexed—I don't mind saying so now—I was certainly vexed. But I didn't let on. And between tunes I did my best to worry Brother Terrapin."

"Ladies," says I, "don't make so much fuss. Let Brother Terrapin get his nap out. You'll turn a chair over directly, and Brother Terrapin will give a jump and fall off the shelf and break some of the furniture in his house." This made the girls laugh very much, for they remembered the old saying that Brother Terrapin carries his house on his back. 'Don't laugh so loud,' says I, 'Brother Terrapin has earned his rest. He's been courting on the other side of the creek and he has no carriage to ride in when he goes back and forth. S-h-h!' says I, 'don't disturb him. When a person sits down when he stands up, and lies down when he walks, some allowance must be made.'

"Brother Terrapin's eyes grew redder and redder, and the skin on the back of his head began to work backward and forward. What might have happened I don't know, but just as the girls were in the middle of a dance one of my fiddle strings broke, and it was the treble, too. I wouldn't have minded it if it had been any of the other

strings, but when the treble broke I had to stop playing.

"Well, the girls were very much disappointed and so was I, for I had come for a frolic. I searched in my pockets, but I had no other string. I tried to play with three strings, but the tune wouldn't come. The girls were so sorry they didn't know what to do.

"Just then an idea struck me. 'Ladies,'

says I, 'it's a thousand pities I didn't bring an extra treble, and I'm perfectly willing to go home and fetch one, but if Brother Terrapin was a little more accommodating the music could go right on. You could be dancing again in a little or no time.'

"Oh, is that so?" says the girls. 'Well,

we know Brother Terrapin will oblige us.'

"I'm not so sure of that," says I.

"What do you want me to do?" says he.

His voice sounded as if he had the croup.

"Ladies," says I, "you may believe it or not, but if Brother Terrapin has a mind to he can lend me a treble string that will just fit my fiddle."

"Brother Rabbit," says he, "you know I have no fiddle string. What would I be doing with one?"

"Don't mind him, ladies. He knows just as well as I do that he has a fiddle string

Meadows. "Hadn't we better bring out the Looking-glass Family?"

"Well," said Mr. Rabbit, "I leave that to you." To hide the smile that gathered around his mouth, Mr. Rabbit leaned his head over and scratched his left ear lazily with his left foot.

"That's what I'll do," Mrs. Meadows declared decisively. "These children want company they can appreciate, poor things!"

She went into the house, and presently came out again, bringing a mirror about three feet wide and five feet high.

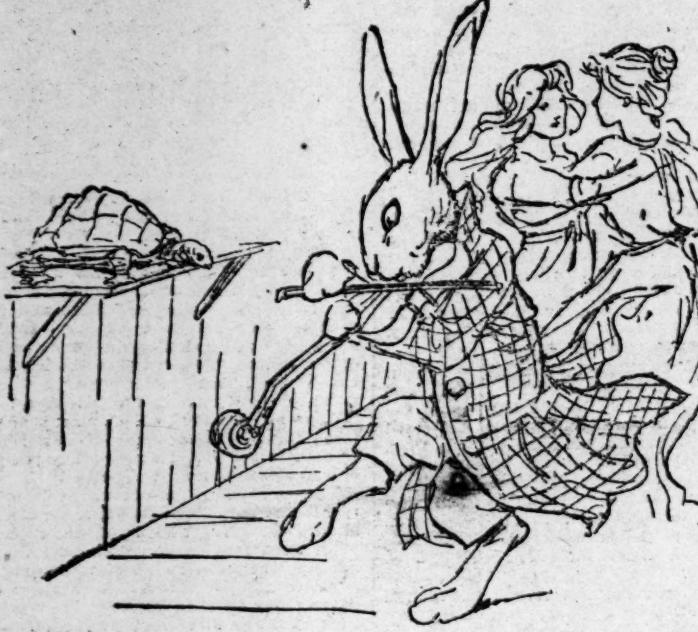
(To be continued.)

A LITTLE GIRL'S CAMERA.

What She Did with It and What Some Others Might Do.

She was the loveliest little figure, wandering about the big hotel galleries or sitting by herself on the sand, very neatly but plainly dressed, and just fourteen years old, she told me. When we became more or less friendly, for I used to ask her to come sit under my big beach umbrella, she explained she had come to the seaside for her health, which any one could plainly see, and that she came alone, because to pay her board and traveling expenses was all a hard-working, self-sacrificing mother and elder sister could manage.

It weighed on her tender conscience that she could do nothing to help them bear the burden of her summer's outing, that the doctor had said was so necessary, and we talked it over often under my beach umbrella, until she made a great discovery. She had been given by her kind-hearted doctor a little eight-dollar snap-shot camera.



Played the Liveliest Tunes I Could Think of.

in his neck. I can take my pocketknife and get it out in half a minute," says I.

"This made Brother Terrapin roll his eyes.

"Be ashamed of yourself, Brother Terrapin," says the girls. "And we were having so much fun, too."

"My neck was as long and I as tough as Brother Terrapin, I'd take one of the leaders out and make a fiddle string of it, just to oblige the ladies," says I.

"The girls turned up their noses and tossed their heads. 'Don't pester Brother Terrapin,' says they. 'We'll not ask him any more.'

"Ladies," says I, "there is a way to get the fiddle string without asking for it. Will you please hand me a caseknife out of the cupboard there?"

"I rose from my chair with a sort of a frown," continued Mr. Rabbit, laughing heartily, "but before I could lift my hand Brother Terrapin rolled from the shelf and went tumbling down the slope to the creek heels over head."

"Did it hurt him much?" asked Sweetest Susan, with a touch of sympathy.

"It didn't stop his tongue," replied Mr. Rabbit. "He crawled out on the other side of the creek and said very bad words. He even went so far as to call me out of my name. But it is all over with now," said Mr. Rabbit, with a sigh. "I bear no grudges. Let bygones be bygones."

"I never heard before that Brother Terrapin had a fiddle string in his neck," said Buster John, after he had thought the matter over a little.

"In dem times," said Drusilla, as if to satisfy her own mind, "you couldn't tell what nobody had, skacey."

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Rabbit, "the fiddle string in his neck was news to Brother Terrapin."

There was a pause here and the children seemed to be somewhat listless.

"I'll tell you what I think," remarked Mrs. Meadows to Mr. Rabbit; "these children here are lonesome, and they'll be getting homesick long before the time comes for them to go. Oh, don't tell me!" she cried, when the children would have protested. "I know how I'd feel if I was away from home in a strange country and had nobody but queer people to talk to. We are too old. Even Chickamy Crany Crow and Tickle-My-Toes are too old, and Mr. Thimblefinger is too little."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Mr. Rabbit, running his thumb

in the bowl of his pipe.

"I was just thinking,"

ra, and one day, having taken a dozen photographs of my favorite sand seat, our party under the umbrella, clever glimpses of the bathing beach and our two dogs, my brother guaranteed to buy every one of the dozen at 30 cents each in order that she could have the photographs developed, printed and mounted.

Now it cost her \$1.45 to have them made ready for the sale, but as she sold the whole dozen to us for \$3.00, her profits amounted to \$2.15. But her camera only held twelve films, and a fresh roll cost 65 cents, and in the end she had cleared just \$1.50. It didn't seem very much, yet it was only the beginning, for our pictures proved so satisfactory we told others on the beach about it, and before the week was over she had more orders than she could fill. Everybody wanted to be taken over and over again, and our little photographer found that she could clear a profit of 13 cents on every picture she made.

Since she could not afford to buy the necessary outfit for printing and mounting the photographs herself, they had to be sent to a factory, where all that was done for 12 cents per picture; as her camera held only enough films for one dozen photographs, costing 65 cents for the dozen, these items took a great deal off of her earnings.

Yet she managed to clear \$7 for her first week and \$9 the next, nearly enough to meet the expenses of her board at the hotel, she told me delightedly.

It was very seldom she was not able to average \$7 a week for the eight weeks she stayed at the beach, for every day new people came who wanted their pictures taken, and at length the kindly hotel proprietor paid her \$25 to make a series of pictures in and about his hotel to be used as illustrations for his season's prospectus and guide book.

She could hardly believe the money was her own, so great a sum did it appear, half enough to pay the big doctor's bill her illness had cost, with \$5 over to supply some materials she wanted for a new project.

This last was her own idea—to make pretty souvenirs and sell them to visitors. They were hand-made albums of half a dozen Bristol board sheets fastened together with stout silk cords, and then buying a printing frame and sheets of prepared paper, she would make blue prints and mount them herself on the Bristol board.

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These albums gave the most picturesque and interesting views about our summer resort, and some of them had passed to the hands of carefully dressed tourists, who

were a great deal of patience and time, but she sold nearly a dozen of them for \$4 apiece, and the result was another \$25 profit. When, at last, she bade us farewell and packed up her little camera it was a rosy, happy face that turned homeward again. By her own exertions she had paid her board nearly the whole of her eight weeks' stay and had helped with the bills at home. The picture taking had kept her out of doors every fair day; in search of pretty nooks and subjecls, wild flowers and novel scenes she had taken many long walks, and ever busy and interested with her camera she grew as well and strong as she had ever been.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers
of the Daily Constitution.

Letters and Communications Intended
for This Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1894.

The Land We Live In.

The following article about our native land appeared in a recent number of Golden Days. It is by Mr. N. S. Stowell, and has so many good points strongly presented in it that it will be read with profit by all young patriots:

"We are so accustomed," writes Mr. Stowell, "to take things for granted, and so in the habit of accepting our pleasures and giving them no further thought beyond the enjoyment of them, that we often fail to realize what a glorious country we live in, and how many privileges and pleasures are at our hand ready-made, and without any of our own assistance or effort."

"There is not on the broad domain of earth any such country as our own United States, and whoever fails to keep up to concert pitch the American spirit is guilty of an unpardonable remissness."

To fully realize

what we are and what we have, one should take a journey around the world. Not long

since a party of tourists agreed with a cer-

tain agency to be taken abroad. They paid

for everything in advance the highest class,

and not being familiar with old world cus-

toms, thought they were going to get satis-

factory accommodations. When they reached

foreign shores they were put upon trains

and taken to hotels that filled them with

amazement. Protest against their quarters

and the reminder that they were to have

first-class provision was met with the as-

surance that they were getting the best the

country afforded, and if that did not satisfy

them, they would have to look out for

themselves. Indeed, many of these Ameri-

can tourists objected to traveling by means

patronized by wealthy residents of the

country, and the rolling stock and accom-

modations usually reserved for royalty were

pressed into service. These complainers re-

turned to their native climes with a much

better opinion of American institutions than

they had previously entertained.

"They had no idea that such difference

could exist until they had experienced the

discomforts of foreign management and

were forced to put up with what wealthy

people abroad seem to consider quite good

enough.

"It would be a good thing if a great many

of the malcontents and grumblers of this

prosperous land could be dropped down in

the midst of what foreigners consider the

comforts of life. Here the poor man can

pay his fare and step out to the railroad

train with the assurance that he is faring

better than many of the officials and mem-

bers of the nobility abroad. He gets every-

thing he needs, every privilege that a gen-

erous and interested government can re-

serve for him.

"It would be well for coming genera-

tions if patriotism could be generally taught in

the public schools. Indeed, it would seem to

be no more than the duty of parents to

teach their children to whom they are un-

derful obligations for their education. The

public school system is directly provided by

the government in order to give the young

of all classes and conditions the very best

possible instruction. How wise, then, that

these pupils should understand the source

from which these benefits spring. We are

getting clear-headed as time goes on, and

some day we may learn to value as we

should our stars and stripes and what they

represent. We might, to advantage, have

two or three Fourth of Julys a year, with

appropriate ceremonies and services. We

ought to have an education day and a pa-

triot's day. Every community should set

apart some little time for consideration of

the blessings, benefits and beauties of a gov-

ernment that hasn't an equal under the sun."

"To be sure, there are more or less flaws

in our theories and practices, otherwise it

would not be the work of human hands,

but in the main, this broad land, this coun-

try we live in, this stars-and-stripes-shad-

ed soil, with its progressive and glorious

institutions, ought to be dearer to our

hearts than everything else in the world.

To be loyal at heart, ready of hand and en-

thusiastic of spirit, ever on the alert to

serve our country, and ever mindful of what

it cost to bring it to such perfection, is the

duty, as it should be the privilege, of every

native-born son and daughter of the land."

A Bottomless Lake in Sweden.

In Thomas Nash's "Terrors of the Night" (published in 1594) he says that Lake Wetter, Sweden, is bottomless. He also tells other peculiar things respecting it. "Over it no fowl flies but is frozen to death, nor anie man pass but is nummed like a statue of marble. Awle ye inhabitants around about it are deafened with ye hidious roar of its waters when out of its midst as out of Mont Gibell, a sulphurous stinking smoake issues that well nill poysons ye whole countre about."

Felt Uncomfortable.

"Mr. Fedash," said the fair young creature, "it is plainly evident to me that you are greatly agitated over something this evening. Will you not," she added, earnestly, "disclose to me the secret of this strange, mysterious influence which seems to surround you?" "Since you ask me," said Mr. Fedash, "I will tell you. I am not perfectly comfortable about the matter, but I will do my best."

"I am not perfectly comfortable about the matter, but I will do my best."

OLD THAD'S STRATAGEM.

Thad Bainbridge, or "Old Thad," as he was known far and wide throughout northwestern Minnesota, left his New England home at an early age, and emigrated to the beautiful lakes and rivers of what has since been well named the park region of Minnesota. Tall, raw-boned, spawny and capable of enduring as much privation as any Indian, he hunted and trapped wherever he found game and fur most abundant, in defiance of the savages who claimed that country for their own.

Years later, when settlers had driven away the Indians, as well as most of the game, Old Thad, too much in love with the locality to follow the Indians and the game, built a snug cabin upon the edge of a wide stretch of timber and meadow land where a deep, clear stream emptied into a lake of considerable size, and settled down to adapt himself to the new order of things. He could never make up his mind to become a farmer, but spent his time in hunting and trapping, as he had always done. A good neighbor he was. Whenever he returned from a successful hunt, a saddle of venison or bear meat was pretty sure to find its way to our house on the banks of the lake, in return for the ham and bacon which my father sometimes sent him.

My father was no hunter, but when I became old enough to handle a rifle he often allowed me to accompany Old Thad on his expeditions. I went almost wild with joy whenever I was granted a holiday of this sort. Old Thad was a jolly companion, and one of the best story-tellers that I ever knew.

We had no end of sport, and met with many exciting adventures both on land and water, but my greatest delight was to sit by our camp fire at night and listen to the old man as he recounted his early adventures among the Indians.

His tales of hand-to-hand encounters, of cunning strategy, of hair-breadth escapes, all told in a manner that convinced me of their truthfulness, would fill a large volume if duly reported.

Coming down the Otter Tail late one autumn day after a successful deer hunt, we landed to portage or carry our canoe and its heavy load down past one of the numerous rapids for which that river is noted. At the foot of the rapids we embarked once more to paddle down to a good camping place a short distance below.

"How'd you like to shoot them rapids, with a load of furs and traps aboard?" asked my companion, as we took up our paddles.

"I should want to say goodby to my friends before I tried it," I replied.

"I wouldn't care to try it again myself, but I did it once," said Thad. "It was a groundhog case, though, I tell you, for I just had to do it or lose my scalp. But I made the biggest haul of fur that night down in these woods that I ever made in my life. Tell you all about it when we get into camp."

"You see," he began, when we sat down to a supper of fried venison,hardtack and coffee, with our feet to the fire, while the bark canoe, turned upon its side, protected our backs from the sharp west wind; "you see I'd been trappin' all the fall up above here, and caught the prettiest lot of fur you ever set eyes on. All this country belonged to the Mandan Sioux then. It was just about as much as a man's life was worth to let them Indians catch him in these parts.

"I hadn't seen the first red during all the time that I'd been trapping that fall, and I made up my mind that they'd all gone further west for their regular fall buffalo hunt. So I was paddling along as careless as you please late one evening, about a mile above the rapids, where that big creek puts in from the east.

"Well, I tuck a good look up the creek as I always did up every stream when paddling in hostile country, and what did I see come poking round a bend but the nose of a pair of big canoes.

"I know'd too well what was in 'em, and I didn't stop to gat a good look at the crews, but just dug my paddle into the water, an' tried to get past the mouth of that creek and out of sight.

"I heerd the Indians give a yell just as I swept past the mouth. The next second, crack went a couple of rifles. The bullets came cross lots through the tall grass, and whistled over my head. Then I knew I was in for it.

"I saw 'twa'n't but a little way to the rapids, and quick as a flash I made up my mind what to do. You can bet that old birch bark darted down stream for the next mile!

"The reds yelled like maniacs when they came out in the river and could see me paddling away from 'em. I could see there were four of them, two in each canoe. They couldn't be loaded much heavier'n I was, and thay could catch me, anyway by running ashore and takin' it afoot, but I knew they'd stick to the water as long as I didn't land.

"I tell you, if you ever get a parcel o' reds after you, just do something that'll make their black eyes pop out of their heads—something startling, you know. They're chock full of superstition, and born cowards, every one, when anything unnatural is concerned.

"When they see a fellow do something that they've no idea any human being would dare to attempt, it just strikes their weak spot every time.

"If they don't come to the conclusion that he is an evil spirit and let him alone entirely, they're mighty sure to form a good opinion of his courage; and they know that they can't calculate at all on what's going to happen when they meddle with such a fellow. That just knocks the pluck out of the varmints.

"So, instead of landing an' taking to my heels, which looked to be my only chance of saving my scalp, I just paddled right straight on.

"But I didn't impress 'em very much, for I could tell by the way the Indians yelled, that they thought I just didn't know enough to land. I s'pose they thought I was some greenhorn that didn't know anything about fighting Indians, and was scared out of my wits to boot."

"I took every one of their paddles, and beat them, too, many a day."

"When I knew I was out of hearing, I knocked their canoe inter bits with my hatchet. Then I took my traps aboard, and set in to do some tall paddling."

"I was loaded high down to the water, all that day, but the curr-

paddles to my one, and I wondered why they didn't shoot—the two that hadn't fired at first. But it didn't take me long to see what their game was.

"They thought I'd have to land when I came to the rapids, and they were holding their fire to pick me off at short range while I was making a landing.

"That tickled me so that I had to laugh, and I paddled all the faster as I got within hearing of the rapids.

"When I reached the first rifle, the reds weren't more than twenty rods behind me, paddling and yelling like mad. I never let up till I could feel the swift current pullin' the canoe along. Then I turned round an' swung my old hat at 'em, and yelled like a steam engine.

"Well, if you wouldn't 'a' died laughing to see them Sioux about that time. They stopped paddling and stared at me like they'd seen a ghost, as I went shooting into the big rollers. If I'd gone down without saying anything they'd thought it only an accident, but when I laughed and yelled at them it made their hair stand on end!

"They could have popped me over as easy as nothing at the distance, but there wasn't one on them that had sense enough left to think of shooting. I felt kind of ticklish, myself, but hinks I, 'In a case like this the boldest course is always the safest.' If I can ride her through I'm all right, and if I happen to bust upon a rock 'twon't be no worse'n being hacked to pieces, and scalped.

"I reckon I've steered a canoe through as rough places as any man alive, but I tell you, I never got into such a roaring, whirling, mixed up mess of rocks and water as that was. My canoe jumped and dipped, and was half full of water in no time. But I didn't happen to hit any rock, and soon I was sailing into smooth water.

"Then I ran ashore at a sharp bend, jumped out into the river an' threw my steel traps into deep water, beside a big rock, where I c'd find 'em agin. Then I turned the canoe bottom side up, and set it drifting down stream. My furs and blankets I let drift, too—looked jest as if I'd upset, and I knew the whole kit would be picked up by the Indians anyhow.

"I had got out of sight of the reds at a turn before I was half through the rapids, but I knew they'd land above and come down the bank to see what had become of me. So I grabbed my rifle and ran down in the edge of the water till I come to the little creek a few rods below the rapids. I ran up the creek a few rods to where a nose of rock made a turn in it, and there I slipped off my wet moccasins and leggings and wrung them out and carried them, so as I wouldn't leave any tracks of water on the rock when I went ashore. Then I hurried up to the top of the rise of rock and took shelter in some bushes.

"Well, I hadn't more'n got hid before I saw 'em come tearing down, a couple of them on each side of the river. When the two on this side saw my canoe and things floating, they set up a regular war dance. All was so natural that the canoe and paddle could go floating round the big bend if I was upset, that it fooled 'em.

"They might have had a little

POINTS OF A GOOD CANINE.

HOW A BOY CAN CHOOSE AND WHAT HE SHOULD PAY FOR A GOOD DOG.

If you are choosing a dog for a friend and companion be sure to get one of a good breed. For \$5 or \$10 you can pick up a very decent puppy with a pedigree, but never buy your dog of a street peddler, for you will certainly be cheated, so try and make a bargain for your dog with some one you can trust. Consider beforehand what you want in your dog and whether he will be happy with you. The boy who lives in a flat has no right to confine a dog in so small a space, while the boy who lives in a city house that has a small yard behind, where his dog can get exercise and open air, had best have a fox terrier, who is a good ratter. An Irish terrier also is a nice dog for a city house.

For the country you cannot go very far wrong in choosing any one of the dogs mentioned below. Pointers and setters are specially adapted for hunting, but they also make the best kind of pets and all around dogs.

A healthy puppy should have a cold nose, a nice, clean, smooth skin, slightly greasy and a little loose. His eyes must be bright and clear, his gums and tongue a fresh coral pink and he should seem active and playful. Find out what sort of disposition his mother and father have for a small

of bone and feather; smooth, satin coat, jet black; feet round and cat-like; ears covered with long, silky hair, small and narrow when set onto the head, large and lobed-shaped at the end; long head, dark eyes, broad chest—that is a black spaniel. The water spaniel's ears should measure about two inches from point to point, face perfectly smooth; curly top-knot on top of



English Setters and Pointers.

head, body covered with close curls, small feet, tail straight, smooth, tapering; dark liver color, no white. He can be taught to do almost anything.

The Motherless Kittens.

Mr. C. H. Webb, in Lippincott's Magazine for August, tells a funny little story about a wee girl and three helpless kittens that were found at her front door. Mr. Bergh (or Bug, as the child called him) was a kind gentleman who was president of a society to prevent cruelty to animals. Mr. Webb says:

"Our Dotty, who constituted herself the foster-mother of the broken-winged sparrows and all other creatures that came to grief in the neighborhood, descended on them like a brooding, sheltering dove, and bore them lovingly into the house. Milk was warmed, and this, with the freedom of the kitchen, given them in a white china saucer, having a blue edge. The cook gave the milk ungrudgingly, but as for the freedom of the kitchen, this she soon revoked, and pronounced a sentence of banishment instead.

"What to do Dot didn't know. I suggested that she write to Mr. Bergh. A day or two of deliberation and sharpening of lead pencils, and then this carefully printed letter went to that gentleman's address:

"Deer Mr. Bug—You doant kno me, but my papa says he knows you. There ware three blin cittens borne on over dorstop without ana mama, and I can't be thare. Mama and the cuk says she can't, and pap says he hasent got time. Won't you please com wihe a bascit and tak them awa and tak gud car of than."

"DOTTY DIMPLE."

"No. 560 Est 533 stret."

"With every ring of the bell that day Dotty ran to see if it were not 'Mr. Bug.' Hardly had the letter been five minutes posted before she looked for an answer.

"And one came sooner than I expected. Next morning, while we were still at breakfast in the basement, a tap came at the window. The maid who answered it said that the colored man bearing a basket on his arm wanted to know if 'Dotty Dimple' lived there.

"Oh, it's Mr. Bug! Mr. Bug!" shouted Dot, and was at the window in a jiffy, leaving a hot muffin untouched on her plate.

"The colored man explained that he was not Mr. Bergh—that is, not exactly. But he had been sent by that gentleman to take care of three motherless kittens which, according to a letter received by Mr. Bergh, were at this house.

Four-Footed Soldiers.

If domestic animals were as long-lived as men, and were eligible to the Grand Army of the Republic and the confederate veterans' associations, those honorable organizations would have many four-legged members, not to speak of two-legged members who were not men, but birds. Hundreds of regiments or companies had with them in the civil war a dog, cat, or other animal, which followed them wherever they went, and not infrequently went into action with them.

The story of such an antagonist has lately been related in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat by Captain Fred Smith, who was a soldier in an Illinois battery of light artillery in the civil war. When he enlisted at Mattoon his dog, Zip, followed him. Zip was a common and unprepossessing "yaller" dog. Smith sent him home, but he refused to stay. The captain took a liking to the dog and allowed him to remain in camp, and when the battery was ordered south, Zip went too.

Some very active service followed, in all of which the dog took a prominent part. He would take up a position near the field pieces and bark defiance at the enemy.

At Shiloh a shell exploded within ten feet of Zip, cutting off three inches of his bushy tail. So far from being disabled by this wound, he was greatly stimulated by it, and advanced on the enemy, barking furiously. The lines were about 500 yards apart, and shot and shell were flying thick and fast.

Zip had gone about 300 yards toward the confederate battery, when a knight of his own kind rushed out to meet him. It happened that the confederate battery had a dog, too, a black one, much bigger than Zip.

There was no skirmishing between the dogs before the battle opened. They were

instantly engaged all along the line, horse, foot and dragoons, so to speak. The confederates ceased their firing and began to cheer on their dog. The union artillerymen did the same.

For fully ten minutes the batteries stood still while the gunners watched the contest between their representatives, who were like two chosen knights of old. "Sic him, Tige!" the confederates shouted, and "Go it, Zip! Tear him up, Zip!" the union soldiers screamed, while the dogs sought to fight out in their own persons the cause of the north and the south. Presently a confederate sergeant threw a stone at Zip.

"Keep your hands off that dog!" yelled the captain of the Illinois battery, and he trained a gun on the confederate group. That set both batteries to going again; and still, beneath the rain of iron, the two dogs fought on.

Smith owns, sorrowfully, that Zip got the worst of it. He was too small for his antagonist; but when he at last crawled out of the fight, the union battery threw a six-pound shell into the confederate dog and blew him to pieces. Zip recovered and followed his master all through the war.

A Dealer in Lions.

A French paper publishes an interesting account of Karl Hagenbeck, the famous German "lion merchant," and of his business. His father was a dealer in fish, but at an early age Karl took to the sea, made long voyages, lost fortunes as rapidly as he made them, then became a lion-tamer and showman, ultimately establishing the celebrated Thierpark at Hamburg, which supplies animals, more or less wild, to nearly all the zoological gardens and menageries in Europe.

Hagenbeck sells every year seven or eight hundred lions, nearly as many tigers, three or four hundred elephants, several hundred panthers, crocodiles and serpents. He himself trains the wild beasts sent out for show, and is the first to take them in hand when they reach Europe.

The most expensive animals are the elephants, especially when very large, a fine specimen like the late lamented Jumbo fetching \$15,000 or \$20,000. A female hippopotamus six years of age is worth about \$1,500, a rhinoceros \$3,000, an Indian tapir \$1,000; lions, according to their age and beauty, fetch from \$200 to \$2,000, home-bred lions being of comparatively little value. A fine tiger is not worth more than \$1,000, a black panther \$500, a leopard \$160, a white bear \$300 and a black bear \$160. Among horned animals giraffes and bisons fetch the best prices. Snakes are comparatively cheap. Hagenbeck employs a staff of men to scour the world for animals, many of whom are absent for years.

An Impatient Panther.

Hunters who go forth to shoot panthers have generally a story of triumph, or at least of a worthy and thrilling escape to relate. But the author of "Thirty Years of Shikar" describes the only chance he ever had of making an appearance as resulting in a crushing failure. He gives the story as follows:

"A panther was marked down for me in a small thicket and I went forth to do for it. When I reached the ground the panther was still there, and a keen-eyed native pointed it out to me.

"Hitherward was its head," said this man, "thitherward its tail. Doesn't the sabih see it? There! there!" and he pointed to a spot about three yards off.

"But I did not see that panther—either its head or its tail, or anything that was its; I saw only a mass of light and shade under a dense overgrowth of greenery, dead leaves and grass that were yellowish where the pencils of light broke in upon the gloom, and otherwise mysterious shadow that told nothing to my unaccustomed eye."

"All that I looked upon in that greenwood tangle was equally panther. I could pick out no particular patch as being any more pantherish than the rest. Of head or tail I made out nothing where all was equally one or the other, and still that native of keenest vision besought me to see that panther's head and tail and right forefoot and many other details of its anatomy."

"Then there came a roar out of the thicket and a rush which was like the volcanic upheaval of the ground at my feet, and, as it seemed, several tons of earth and stones and parts and I was catapulted onto the broad of my back a yard or two from where I had stood."

"That upheaval was the panther. The brute hadn't had the patience to wait until I saw him or the modesty to take himself off peaceably in some other direction; he had resented my staring his way, even though I saw him not, and so had emerged out of his lair like an animal rocket and knocked me down in his flight."

"As he failed to claw me, I came off scatheless, but not so my attendant, who foolishly embraced that panther in view to arresting his flight. He got himself badly mauled and did not come a whole man out of his hospital for some weeks. That was my disastrous commencement with panthers."

A Soft Answer.

Who has not heard and envied the quick wit of the Irish? It seems to be a national endowment, old and young, cultivated and ignorant, alike possessing it. Indeed, the witty answer seems to be on the tip of the Irish tongue, ready and waiting for the questioner.

A little five-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said, "I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash; "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of yourn."

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath; for what lady could resist so graceful a compliment?

A Brother Professional.

A gentleman went the other night with a friend to the theater, and arrived before the doors were open.

While waiting for the crowd, and standing behind his friend, just for a lark, he amused himself by picking the pocket of his friend, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief.

Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder by a gentlemanly individual who handed him his own watch and chain, remarking: "Honesty among thieves," observing that he never, knowingly, operated on a brother professional.

GAMES FOR PARTIES.

Those who have taxed their wits to find amusement for little folks at parties may gain some suggestions from the following from an exchange:

Cobweb Party.—This makes a capital introduction to an evening's fun. Take threads of various colors and wind them intricately all around the parlor, over pictures, about chair legs, intertwining in all directions. Be sure to hide carefully both ends of each thread. Prepare a badge of the color of each thread, and as your guests arrive bid them each take one. You may have duplicate badges for boys and girls, those who chance to select the same color becoming partners in the game.

On a given signal each is to hunt out the thread of the same color as the badge he wears, find its end and wind it up again on a spool. The one or the couple first accomplishing the task is proclaimed victor.

Dumb Band.—This game is excellent for young folks who know a little music. Let the leader assign to each one of the company a musical instrument which may be acted out easily in pantomime, such as the slide trombone, jew's-harp, piano, drum, flute, violin, bagpipe. Let him be careful not to use two instruments which require about the same position, such as the organ and piano, flute and fife.

Some one plays a lively tune on the piano, and every one sets to work playing in pantomime on his instrument in time with the piano. In starting, the leader has the motion of a violin player, but after half a minute he changes suddenly to another instrument, say a drum. Hereupon the drummer must cease his imaginary drumming and become a fiddler.

In an instant he changes again, to the bagpipe, say. Whereupon the bagpipe man must take up the fiddle, only quickly to change it for another instrument. Failure to respond to any cue is punished with a forfeit.

Who Knows That Nose?—The party divides into halves, which occupy adjoining rooms. The doorway between is hung with a sheet, which has a hole in the middle large enough for the protrusion of a nose. The light is lowered on one side, and some one on that side sticks his nose through, and the leader cries, "Who knows that nose?" If the other side guesses correctly they win the man, who changes sides. Then lights are lowered in the second room, and the process continued until one room is entirely vacant.

The pun is destroyed, but it makes a pretty variety to play it, "Who knows that eye?" It is astonishing how unrecognizable is a single feature of a person apart from the rest of him.

Conundrum Leaves.—This is a little diversion for after supper. A mysterious bowl is on the table, filled with pretty tissue paper leaves. This bowl is passed around after the meal, and each is asked to "take one." The stems prove to be slips of paper with a conundrum neatly inscribed on each. Every one in turn reads his aloud, answers if he can, or throws the question open to the company. It is well to have a few conundrums which contain good-humored jokes on some of the party.

Napoleon's "Hog Latin."

A detachment from one of the French armies under Napoleon was once passing through a small town in a Roman Catholic part of Germany, when the troops being in want of provisions, the general sent to require a certain amount to be furnished by the town. The principal inhabitants came to him, assuring him that the whole town could not furnish what he required.

"And what must be done, then?" asked the general. "My army is in great want of provisions." The deputies replied that the only place in the vicinity which could supply any quantity of provisions was a convent at a very short distance from the town.

The general thereupon wrote a very polite letter to the superior, stating his wants and praying for a supply from the stores of the convent.

The superior consulted with the monks, and all agreed in not complying with the general's request, but, as he seemed disposed to be civil, they thought that a refusal couched in polite terms might be ventured upon. But how should the answer be sent? A verbal reply to a written request would not appear respectful; their French would probably be so bad that they would be exposed to the ridicule of the general and his officers, and German these Frenchmen probably would not understand.

So at last it was resolved that the letter should be written in Latin. It was an elaborate apology, couched in very polite terms, for not complying with the request and was consigned to the messenger, who immediately delivered it into the hands of the general.

Napoleon opened it, but, unluckily, not having had a classical education, did not understand a word of it and gave it to his secretary to read.

The secretary remembered just enough of his Latin to gather that it was a refusal of the supplies.

"How!" cried the general. "Do the rascals dare not only to refuse my demands, but also to write me in Latin?" He then directed his secretary to write them as follows:

"Fribonibus de moinibus si vous ne m'en envoyibon instantibus, je mettrai le feu a votre conventibus, et je vous ferai pendus, toutibus."

This is pretty good French "Hog Latin," and may be literally translated thus:

"You rascally monks, if you do not send it to me instantly, I will burn down your convent and hang you all."

The monks understood the general extremely well, though he had not perfectly comprehended theirs, and seized with a mortal panic, the supplies required were immediately sent.

A Cruel Criticism.

A Bradford man started in the grocery business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself as holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you; but who is that fellow holding you by the bridle?"



Bull Dog.

one projecting; thick heels, short, rather low tail. He is very gentle and extremely fond of children, if he is a good one. A bulldog is a beast no one should own.

The Irish terrier is not pretty, but he is very good, and he has beautiful eyes; his nose is black, his color red, tan or gray; strong, small feet, with black nails, long body and straight legs.

St. Bernards are of two sorts—smooth and rough-coated. Either kind should have large heads, square and massive; ears drawn close to cheek; jaws dark, intelligent, generally showing the jaw, legs straight, large feet, double, or at least nine claws; color, orange, tan or red; white collar, chest and tip of tail; white muzzle and white line from neck to tail; long body and short legs, with

FOR BOYS WHO WISH TO SWIM.

How to Teach One's Self How to Swim.

Can you swim? "No?" Then lose no time in learning how. Every boy should consider it his bounden duty to become proficient in this most useful of all outdoor sports. Though you may never be driven to such straits as Leander was, nevertheless, if you pass your boyhood days without learning to swim, you will always regret it, and may some day rue your negligence. Not only of great practical value, swimming is the most beautiful and exhilarating of all recreations. Every one can learn to swim, even cripples and deformed persons. The boy who has the privilege of a matatorium together with an instructor, possesses some advantages over the country boy; but the lad who teaches himself will become just as proficient.

The method taught by Professor Sundstrom, instructor of swimming in the N. Y. A. C. and champion long distance swimmer of America, is as follows: A boy descends on the ladder leading from the floor

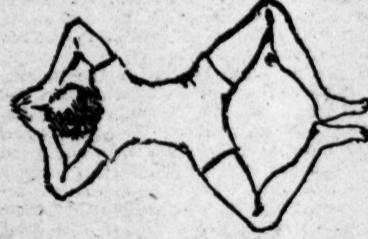


First Position.

to the tank, wetting himself gradually in water about five feet deep; he then takes a deep plunge. The great object, at first, is to gain confidence. If a boy is afraid to duck his head under water without holding his nose, or to venture in water above his waist, he will never learn to swim. Now by holding on to the stairs with his hands, the pupil is free to work his legs, and thus first, tests the buoyancy of the water and has made a long step towards gaining confidence. The instructor takes hold of his feet and shows him the correct movement for the breast stroke, which is the first taught and really the fundamental stroke in swimming. After this the boy is suspended from a pole, with a belt around his waist and shown the arm movement, and later on the combination of arm and leg. The next step is to enter deep water with a life buoy, which consists of a cork or rubber rod about three feet long. It is placed under the armpits and across the chest. Any one can make a life buoy, for a fairly broad board or round piece of wood will answer the same purpose as cork. This is a most valuable hint to beginners, for the average boy can by this means learn to swim after a very few attempts.

Now for the boy who is determined to swim, but has no one to teach him how. Let him hunt a shelving, gravelly shore, where the depth increases gradually. It is immaterial whether the water is fresh or salt, but it should be smooth. He should wade out to the depth of four feet and duck completely under water. Then wade in towards shore until the bottom can be reached with the tips of the fingers; let the body assume a horizontal position, at the same time sinking entirely below the surface. With one arm supporting him he can strike out boldly with the legs and other arm. In a short time he will be able to strike out with both arms, making a great splash, no doubt, and securing a large mouthful of water, possibly, but he will soon be able to take three or four strokes without going under, and after that a dozen, when his further progress depends only on the amount of practice he gets.

In the breast stroke the arms are stretched out in front, the palms downward, the thumbs touching. After inflating the chest the swimmer launches forward, striking out with his arms, which describe arcs of a circle. Both pairs of limbs are used simultaneously; that is, as the arms strike out the legs are drawn together, so that the



Starting Position for the Breast Stroke.

knees are spread wide apart, somewhat after the fashion of a frog's. When the arms are brought back into place under the chest, the legs are drawn up and the feet brought together. As the arms are extended the feet are pushed out with a quick jerk, giving a strong impetus to the body. The breaststroke is all that is necessary for a novice to know. After he has acquired this, swimming on the side and on the back, floating, leading water and diving will come in due time. It may be interesting to know what stroke is used by the fast swimmers, who glide through the water with such astonishing speed. Probably the fastest stroke is the one Professor Sundstrom acquired from the Indians on the Columbia river in Oregon, and which he immediately introduced as a distinctly American method. With this stroke a man usually turns on his right side, sends forward his right arm, then his legs, and at the same time his left arm, with hand flat against the water. When he prepares to draw in his legs and his right arm, he takes his left arm, which he has carried back as far as possible, out of the water and brings it in front of his head.

Remember in swimming to breathe through your nose, and from your chest. It is not policy to swim within two hours of mealtime, nor to stay in the water more than twenty minutes. A swimmer who has been in the water for several hours feels greatly enervated, his lips become blue, his eyes bloodshot and his flesh puckers in a remarkable manner. Among wonderful feats which have been performed in the water was that of Captain Webb, who swam across the English channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty-five miles, in twenty-one hours and forty-five minutes.

taking his nourishment while treading water. J. Finney swam 113 yards and one foot under water in full costume, and later on remained under water in a tank, at the Canterbury music hall, four minutes, twenty-nine and a half seconds. Under this category comes, also, Gus Sundstrom's remarkable swim from the Battery, New



The Indian Stroke.

York, High Bridge, Harlem, a distance of seventeen miles, when he breasted the rushing current of Hell's Gate and made the entire distance in less than three and a half hours. If you have any opportunity for learning to swim, make use of them, for who knows how soon this knowledge may be of the utmost value to you. Remember that swimming, once learned, is never forgotten. As a parting injunction, do not imagine that the proper way of learning to swim is by being suddenly tossed into deep water. All swimmers acknowledge that one boy may profit by that, but ninety-nine will be so completely shocked that they may never venture in the water again, and other effects even more serious are likely to follow.

A Trifling Mistake.

A gentleman passing along a street one day came across a man supposed to be blind, but the gentleman thought he could see.

Going up to the man, he put 10 cents down in front of him and said:

"PICK THAT UP."

The man stooped down and picked it up.

"MY MAN, YOU CAN SEE."

"I KNOW THAT," SAID THE MAN.

"THEN WHY HAVE YOU THAT CARD ON TO SAY YOU ARE BLIND?"

The man looked at him and said:

"ME, SIR?"

"YES, YOU," CRIED THE GENTLEMAN. LOOK AND SEE FOR YOURSELF."

The man looked at the card and then at the gentleman, and said:

"BLOWED IF THERE ISN'T SOME MISTAKE. I'M DEAF AND DUMB."

A Story of Rudyard Kipling.

This capital story some one tells of Rudyard Kipling as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterward to achieve such widespread fame by his pen. When a boy of twelve he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately sea-sick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head and down the companion-way dashed the boatswain, three steps at a time and shouting excitedly: "Mr. Kipling! Your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm and if he ever lets go, he'll drown sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."

Good Advice from a Bright Young Man.

To The Constitution, Jr.: When a young man, who has never been denied anything by his parents who were able to gratify every wish of their boy, takes a bird's eye view of this world at the beginning of his career, he is like a boy in love. He imagines he is away up in the skies between two batter cakes and the angels are pouring honey on him. He then starts out to make resolutions, and says he will begin tomorrow to adopt them, but tomorrow never comes with that young man. In course of years he finds himself without those parents who would gratify his wishes, and encourage him in his resolutions to make a noble man of himself, and, boys, when for the first time this condition comes home to you, where are you? You are as helpless as a man at sea who has a broom straw for a life preserver.

After you get out into the world to do your own scratching, you find out that no one cares whether your wishes are gratified or not. From my personal experience you can hardly rely on friends who, you think, would help you most, for they are, with few exceptions, the ones who will turn their backs on you, and then you stare the cold, cold world in the face.

Some boys at about my age often go wrong, and think they need some one to tell them right from wrong. That is a mistaken idea. Any fair-minded boy knows right from wrong, and if he does not believe he knows, he will find out that his conscience will soon draw it out so he can see his mistakes, and then the question is whether he will heed or not.

A boy placed in my position, and one who is on neither side, and is about middling, has a good chance to see poverty and riches mixed. I am trying to decide whether I would rather be rich, poor or middling. I look at it in this way. When a man is very wealthy it is such a burden to take care of his money, and it is seldom that we find riches and selfishness apart. I think if I can be in position to lend a helping hand to those who have made resolutions and are trying to carry them out, and let me be about middling, I would rather take that position and view of life than to have the estate of the Astors.

I think the best way for young men to do it this. Raise your sights high and aim right at the white house, and some of you may one of these days find yourself safely located in one of these positions; you may be governor of your state, mayor of your city, a gentleman of good standing in your community, the sheriff of your county, or the chafing-gang boss of your county's convicts, but woe unto the young man who makes resolutions, and never adopts them, he may be in the safe keeping of his county jail, or cursing his existence.

My father used to tell me: "Now is the accepted time; never put off a thing you can do today until tomorrow, for tomorrow never comes."

The world owes you what you honestly earn. The thing to do is to build your foundation on a solid basis, face the world with pluck and grit, do all things that are acceptable in the sight of God and your fellow men, and when the end of your career has closed its doors against this cold world, you will hear a voice say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

William Schley Howard.

Washington, D. C., July 24, 1894.

AMBITIOUS GIRLS.

Some Great Women Who Were Precocious Children.

"I wonder if most famous women were as ambitious and gave signs of future greatness in their early youth as famous men?" asked a thoughtful looking girl, dropping her book, "The Lives of the Great Musicians," in which with delight she had been reading of the boy Mozart.

"Most great women have been precocious," answered her aunt, whose busy brain possessed a charming faculty of storing up all manner of interesting information against a rain of questions from her clever niece. "Let us go back to that sweetest character in English history, Lady Jane Grey, and we will find she was only thirteen years old when that learned scholar and fine gentleman, Roger Ascham, found her reading Plato's Phaedon in the original Greek, while the rest of the family were off on a hunting party. But it was not with a knowledge of Greek little Lady Jane was satisfied. She spoke French, Latin and Italian fluently, writing them also, and translated easily from Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. When her father took her to court, they found with astonishment that this demure, country-bred girl was a far finer scholar than young Edward VI, then a clever boy under the first tutors in England. Yet, with all her knowledge of literature and languages, Lady Jane embroidered charmingly, sang to several instruments that she played very well, danced and wrote easily and gracefully.

"Letitia Hennans published her first collection of poems when she was only fourteen.

"Angelica Kaufman, the beautiful woman and gifted artist, who painted the portraits of royalties, when only eleven used her brush far better than her father, who was an artist by profession.

"Madame Roland never remembered when she learned to read, for at four years of age she was greedily perusing any books that came to her hand; dancing and music she readily acquired but geography and Latin were her favorite studies. As a girl of seven she would eagerly rise at 5 o'clock in the morning to get to her books, and so dearly did she love reading she carried her volume of Plutarch's Lives to church when she was eleven years old and secretly read it during the long prayer.

"There is not a more touching story of a child's quick mind starved of its proper food than Caroline Herschel. Her mother was a stupid woman who kept her daughter purposely so busy about household work she could neither study nor practice on her violin she dearly loved and in which her father wished to instruct her. It was with an aching heart and tearful eyes Caroline plied her needle while her father and his sons held their family concerts in which the girl longed to join. She begged to be allowed to study French with her brother, and dancing also, but this her mother forbade, though her gentle, clever father was anxious his Caroline should have a good education. It was not until late in life when her beloved brother, William, the great astronomer, sent for her to join him in England, that she had any opportunity to exercise her fine mind.

"Mary Somerville says that as a little girl she had a very bad memory, and at ten years of age, was sent to a boarding school where the chief lesson for each day was a page of Johnson's dictionary committed to memory. She never excelled at school and yet at home no one sympathized a little later with her desire to study Latin, except an uncle who gave her some valuable instruction. She was very much interested in two celestial globes the village schoolmaster taught her to use and yet on the whole she was rather in awe of the big constellations whose brightness reminded her of lightning, of which she was desperately afraid. At length she persuaded her brother's tutor to buy her an algebra and Euclid, which she studied at night until her mother, in horror at the idea of a girl wasting time on studies meant for boys, deprived her of a candle to read by, and her father feared she might go crazy. It was long after that she really found the courage and sympathy to take up her great studies in earnest.

"It was as a pianist George Eliot was noted at her school, and with the most amazing ease she acquired languages, yet as a very little girl she showed no great promise, much preferring a romp with her brother to her books.

"Fanny Burney, who is also known as Mme. D'Arblay, published her first and cleverest novel when she was only fifteen, and yet she was eight years old before learning her alphabet, and scarcely received any regular education at all.

"Rachel, you must remember, was a girl just turned into her teens when she borrowed a volume of Racine from a Jewish peddler in old clothes. On reading the great French tragedies she decided to become an actress, and this poor, pretty, little Jewess, the youngest of seven children, who had begun life as a street singer, on her second appearance on the French stage was greeted as a great genius. So you see, my dear, ability is apt to reveal itself as early with girls as boys, and these are a very few of the world's great women who loved books in the nursery and gave the most glorious promise while still in short frocks."

Blind Boys at Football.

Football playing by the blind sounds like a novelty, but a writer who visited the Royal Victoria Blind Asylum at Newcastle, England, a few weeks ago, had the pleasure of watching two teams of blind boys engaged in a football game. The ball with which the boys played is made of wire, and the inside is fitted with bells, so that wherever the oval goes it can be followed by the sound. The goal posts are flags, upon which are also a number of bells, and it was very rare for the boys either to lose the ball or to follow it in the wrong direction. They seemed to enjoy the fun immensely, and when a goal was scored they cheered loudly.

Perhaps one of the most amusing parts of the scene was the way in which the little blind girls stood around the football grounds and interested themselves in the progress of the game, laughing when the players laughed, and cheering when they thought the occasion demanded it. The inmates of the asylum also play chess and checkers very well.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Junior—I am a little boy, fourteen years old, and live on my father's ranch, which is about twenty miles from Omaha, Neb. I saw several letters in The Junior from boys of my age and I decided to write to you.

The overseer of the ranch, Mr. Boyden, is a great friend of mine, and every evening I assist him and several cowboys to bring in the stock.

The corral is about fifty yards from the house in which we live. Sometimes the cattle stray as far as five miles from the corral.

Last week Mr. Boyden counted the young ponies, and there were forty-two, from the age of four months to a year and a half. He told me I could have the pick of twelve that were about a year old. I took one that had a white tail and white hips. I think he is going to make a beautiful horse. I am going to train him so that I can take him back to the city with me.

I hope The Junior will continue to print the stories that are written by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, as I enjoy them very much.

JAMES M. BRAGLER.

Bragler's Ranch, near Omaha.

Dear Junior—I am staying with my cousin at Fort Caden, Fla. There is a naphtha launch that belongs to the fort and my uncle takes us down to the mouth of the river when he goes.

I spend most of my time in fishing and bathing. The cranes are very tame here and I killed one the other day with stones. I have pressed its wings and I am going to take them home with me.

I will return home about the 25th of this month, to get ready for school.

HENRY RICHARDS.

Editor Junior—After a hard day's tramp up the mountain, being too tired to sleep, with your kind permission I will write you a few lines, which I hope will be fortunate enough to gain admission to your columns.

Arising early this morning, accompanied by two of my friends, we proceeded up the mountain for about two miles and untangling our lines we went down the stream, dropping our lines in every few minutes. But in all the two miles we did not catch but two fish, and I happened to be one of the lucky ones. Both the fish together did not weigh two pounds and as we had seen a single fish weigh as much as five pounds we were not much overjoyed at our success. But we are going to go fishing with an old mountaineer tomorrow, and we hope to catch a good string.

With kindest regards to The Junior, I remain one of its admirers.

HARRY WINN.

Tar Mountain Inn, Tar Mountain, N. C.

Dear Junior—I am a small boy, just ten years old, and I am visiting my aunt, near Shelby, Ga. She has a large farm and there is a creek about a half a mile from the house. My aunt will not let me go to it by myself, but my uncle took me fishing the other day, and I enjoyed it very much.

They have a beautiful little calf and he is very tame, for when I call him he will come and eat out of my hand.

I am going to return to my home, in Macon, Ga., in about two weeks.

SAMUEL HASTINGS.

Shelby, Ga.

French Peasants.

M. Betham Edwards, in her "France of Today," speaks again and again of the benefits accruing from the ownership of land by the peasantry. As a native of England, she seems to have been peculiarly impressed by this feature of life across the channel. She writes with special enthusiasm of Osse, a remote Pyrenean village admirably adapted for the study of rural life. "A beautiful spirit of humanity," she declares, "a delicacy, rare among the most polished societies, characterize these frugal sons and daughters of the soil."

As sordidness carried to the pitch of brutality is often imputed to the French peasant, let me relate an incident that occurred hereabouts not long before my visit.

The land is minutely divided, many possessors a cottage and field only. One of these small owners was suddenly ruined by the falling of a rock; his cottage, cow and pig were destroyed. Without saying a word, his neighbors, like himself, in very humble circumstances, made up a purse of 500 francs, a large sum with such donors, and too delicate-minded to offer the gift themselves, departed an outsider to do it anonymously.

Another instance in point came to my knowledge. This was of a young woman servant, who, during the illness of her employer, refused to accept wages.

"You will pay me some other time," said the girl to her mistress. "I am sure you can ill afford to give me the money now."

Peasant property, and rural life generally, here presented to me some wholly new features. One of these is the almost entire self-sufficingness of very small holdings, their owners neither buying nor selling, making their little crops and stock almost completely supply their needs.

On a field or two enough flax is grown with which to spin linen for home use, enough wheat and Indian corn for the year's bread-making, maize being mixed with wheaten flour. Again, pigs and poultry are reared for daily consumption.

Expenditure is reduced to the minimum.